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Historical Society

THE DIARY OF A FOREMAST HAND

ON

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE

BARK WANDERER - WHALER

OF

NEW BEDFORD

1878 - 1880

H. L. Palmer
1909 E. Shorewood Blvd.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



On August 1924, the last of the old time New Bedford whalers, Bark, Wanderer put to sea on its last voyage. However, the voyage terminated close to home and the ship now lies a battered wreck on the middle ground shoal off the island of Nantucket.

Much has been written about this famous old ship and she was used to film the photo drama, "Down to the Sea in Ships."

The Wanderer was 116 foot long, 27 feet beam and 15 foot depth with a gross tonnage of 303 and normally carried a crew of thirty-seven men. She was built at Mattapoesett, Mass., in 1878, and made her first voyage in July of that year.

On this first voyage one of the crew was a young man who had graduated from a middle western university, practised law for several years in a large city and then decided to go out and see some of the world. Through the acquaintance of his father with the owners, he was allowed to ship as a foremast hand and the following is a copy of his letters and diary giving an account of the life of the crew and the events which transpired on the first voyage of this ship, which lasted about twenty-two months. He then returned to his native city and again took up the practice of law.

On Board Bark Wanderer,

North Atlantic Ocean,

Lat. 3° N., Long. 42 W.

Sunday Morning, July 11th, 1878.

Dear Folks:

This being Sunday Morning, the wind moderate, and no work to do, saving regular mast heads and wheels, and having traded off my duty for the next two hours with a wool headed Dago, I shall endeavor to get something of a letter in shape to be forwarded at the first opportunity. To commence with, I am well, as

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hearty as a buck, and in fact, have been so ever since leaving New Bedford, never having lost an hour's duty from sea sickness, indisposition, or any other cause. The weather is glorious for a wonder, and our good ship is booming along at about twelve knots an hour. Every Sunday since leaving home, with one exception, has been rugged; on two of them we were weathering gales, and the one fair day we were trying out oil. You will see in these facts a reason for my only now getting fairly started at a letter when I have given you some idea of the work required on board, which I shall do further on.

Our ship, as you are aware, is a new Bark or Barque, and consequently clean and free from the cockroaches and other vermin that generally infest whalers. She has proved to be all that her owners desired of her, both as a trim ship, fast sailer, and splendid sea vessel. Our Captain, Mr. Hyer, is every inch of him a gentlemen, although he has been whaling since he was 16 years of age, kind in disposition although stern enough when circumstances demand it. A man who always has a pleasant word for a hand forward and a word of commendation where he sees a thing well done; in fact, from all that I can learn from those who have sailed before, he must be a rare exception to the general run of whaling captains. He is accounted the most successful master sailing out of New Bedford, and from what I have seen of him, it is hard to perceive where he could be improved upon either in knowledge of his business or manner of handling his crew. With such a ship and such a captain, I do not see why we should anticipate any other than a successful voyage.

The first Executive Officer, the Mate, Mr. Barker, who has charge of the deck and supervision of all work upon deck during the day, is an experienced man, very quick to see anything wrong about the ship or rigging and only too able to find jobs enough to keep men at work every minute he is in charge, and too fond of the call, "All hands," (the purport of which I will explain

further on). Our second Mate, Mr. Morrison, like the others, is an old whaler, although comparatively a young man. I met him in New Bedford before sailing and after ten minutes conversation, made up my mind that he was the man I wanted to be immediately under. I therefore spoke to Gardner of Taber, Burt & Gardner, to that effect and he, unknown to me, spoke to Morrison, and as a consequence, he called me the second day out, and after giving me several little jobs to execute, informed me that I should be chosen for an oar in his boat, and this would bring me in his watch, which I have never had occasion to regret. At that time, he told me that so long as I would show a disposition to learn, I never should have any trouble with him, but at the same time, that he could not stand a lazy man or a shirk. Our watch happens to contain two young American green hands who are classed as both lazy and not too anxious to learn or do duty, and from the way they are "rubbed" by the second mate, I don't think that shirking pays. Mr. Morrison has taken pains to initiate me into many of the mysteries of sailing and whaling and made me stroke oar of his boat, and this far we have gotten on nicely. The work aboard ship is hard and the crew are often severely taxed, but a few hours sleep will soon straighten a body out. The feed is not what it was cracked up to be by Burt & Gardner, by a long shot, but at the same time it is good, wholesome, and there is always plenty of it.

As I have said, we were towed out of New Bedford on the morning of June 4th, 1878. The tug was with us for about twenty miles and then returned, taking back the many friends and loafers who had accompanied us. The last farewells were taken, the last shouts and cheers given, and we were alone in the ocean surrounded by a dense fog. Anchor was dropped and all hands set about cleaning up the ship. At eight o'clock, all hands save two boat steerers, turned in to be rocked on the cradle of the deep, many of us for the first time.

At three o'clock next morning, we were called to make sail, a vessel bound in, was spoken, the Pilot put on board, and we stood off in the fog to sea. When a Whaler starts for a voyage, she is not, as you may suppose, entirely fitted for service. There are many days of hard work in order to get her into condition for taking whales, and hence the first two weeks were very hard ones for the new hands. The weather, too, added its weight to our labors, and was simply abominable. Capt. Hyer told me that he had never experienced anything like such "rugged" weather for the first two weeks out from New Bedford. I had anticipated the regular does of sea sickness, but, strange to relate, have escaped wholly and have not even experienced a squally feeling as yet. Notso, however, with most of the other greenies. They were no good for periods of from one to four weeks and from what I saw of their performances, I think they were not very favorably impressed with sailing.

On the evening of the second day out, watches and boats crews were chosen and things assumed a more ship shape appearance. Perhaps Father will remember that the New Bedford folks told us that the hands would not be expected to do much of anything in way of working ship or going aloft until they had been perfectly broken in. This was on a par with most of their statements, a gross untruth. It was not two minutes after the watches were chosen that the order was given to shorten sail for the night, and the second mate ordered me aloft with another chap, then most as green as myself and now I am audacious enough to think, a very considerable greener, to furl the mizzen topmast stay sail. I went and did my share of the work but must confess that I felt not over comfortable while in the rigging. However, I was glad afterwards that he had started me at once, for the sooner the scare is over, the faster you can learn. This was Thursday and from that time until Saturday of same week, I was not aloft. About three o'clock of that date, the wind which had been constantly increasing, reached

a point but little short of a gale. The sea was running, not as novel writers delight in saying, "Mountains high", but high enough and savagely enough for all practical purposes. No man, either old or green, could pretend to stand on deck without being well braced against something immovable, or to take more than three or four steps without bringing up against something, most generally the deck, with an "oh!". The greenies had all they could do to even sit on the deck without rolling about like billiard balls. One young chap from Fair Haven, Mass., actually slid feet first across the deck, striking his feet upon the lee rail, performing a back summersault, waltzed back to his starting point and there missing stays, was rolled back to leeward where he finally came to anchor, having made three passages across the deck in a surprisingly short space of time. Well, while such proceedings were going on, some dozen of us were ordered up to the fore yard to furl the foresail. The wind fairly howled through the rigging and the rain poured in torrents, but there could be no backing out then. There was the sail and it must be furled or lost, one or the other, and some green hands must go up to help do it. I was one of those picked to go, and up I went, hanging on like "Grim Death to a cullud Pussan". A yard, as you probably know, is the timber crossing the mast, and reaching out, some of them, to the sides and the lower ones considerably over the sides of the ship; to these the sails are fastened and in order to furl them, the men must "lay out on the yard," as it is called, that is, start from the cross trees and with arms and chest on top of the yard, walk out on a foot rope running some two feet underneath the yard until each reaches the point at which he is to work in furling. Well, to go on a yard the third man out for the first time in a wind and rain and rough sea such as we had that day, was enough to scare most anyone, and I must admit that I was perfectly in earnest in my wish that I was somewhere else than on that yard, but we got through and I had gained one more point. The next week I was sent up to the

main top gallant yard to loose the sail, that is, take off gaskets or binders and shake out the sail so that it can be set, and also went to mast head on lookout for whales, and my fear in the rigging had all left me and I now wonder at such a thing as being afraid of falling.

When all hands were called aft for the purpose of choosing crews and watches, there appeared from somewhere down the oil hold, a queer looking specimen of humanity in the form of a boy about sixteen years of age, long legged, lean, lank, barefooted, scarcely clothed and dirty. When questioned by the captain, he said that he belonged at the Isle of St. Helena, had run away to sea, found his way up to New Bedford, and there seeing this vessel about to start for the south Pacific, concluded he would come along; for two days and one night he had been in the hold with nothing to eat or drink. As he could neither fly nor swim back to port, the captain concluded to let him work his passage. He accordingly cleaned up, drew some clothes from the slop chest, and is now as lively a lad as we have aboard.

In the selection of watches, I was particularly fortunate in being called to the starboard. If I should choose nine men in the fore-castle to be my mates, I should scarcely make more than one change, while in the Port watch there are four or five exceedingly distasteful characters.

On board the ship the day commenced at twelve o'clock M. or eight bells. To show you the division of time, we will suppose that today at twelve M the Port watch went on deck, starboard below; the Port have the deck mast heads and wheel until four o'clock, then they go below and the starboard take their places until half past five, then Port until seven o'clock. These two short watches are called the dog watches. At seven, the Port go below with starboard on deck to take in sail or anything else that may turn up until eleven o'clock, when the Port turn out and stand in their places until three o'clock tomorrow morning, when the starboard turn out and have the morning work

including making sail until eight o'clock, then they go below to sleep until noon, when the day commences over again with the time on deck just changed about. This routine is followed when no extra or pressing work is on hand, such as running for whales, cutting in, trying out, stowing oil or breaking out in the holds, but in case we are at either of the above jobs or anything else that is to be hurried, all hands are called and kept on deck all day, still retaining the regular night watches, so that a man may be thirty-two hours at work with only four hours of sleep.

On the 29th of June, we struck our first whale. Our watch had just turned in at eight o'clock in the morning after eight hours on deck, when the cry came from mast head of "ah blow". This was immediately followed by the cry of "ah white water," and two "ah blows," indicating that there were two whales at play. Three boats at once lowered, the first, second and third mates in command, and before long, we were in close proximity to the largest swimming creatures that I ever beheld. The third mate struck the largest one first and our boat next, the smaller whale giving all the slip. As soon as we were fast, that is, had our irons in him, he started off on a jaunt of his own, with our boats in tow, and of all the free rides I ever took, that one stood a little ahead. It would perhaps not do to say that our boats ran the race under water, but it is true that there was a sheet of water over our heads most of the time. After towing us about a half mile, he sounded and doubled, coming up in the vicinity of the first mate's boat, where he received the third iron and was off a second time. This time the race was of short duration and upon sounding and coming up to blow, he received three lances, these sent him down again but only for a few minutes, and upon his re-appearance, the third mate succeeded in getting a lance bomb into his body, which at once put an end to his career. From this whale, we took one hundred and one barrels of oil, his head alone yielding over ten barrels of clear oil, that we dipped

out in buckets.

July 20th, 1878.

So much of this letter was written last Sunday, but this afternoon a brig is in sight, nearing us, and it is possible that I may get this on board so I will close. Am still well and in the best of spirits. We expect to reach Fayal about September 10th. Our next port will be St. Helena, which will be made in April, 1879.

August 2nd, 1878.

After three unsuccessful attempts to mail this letter, I think it probable that the ship now in sight will be spoken, and our mail reach the U.S. some time this year. We have been cruising in what is known as the Western Whaling ground thus far. The weather as a general thing has been fine but we are just now seeing the last of a roaring old north-easter, which has made it lively and disagreeable for the past three days. We shall leave this Ocean so as to make Fayal on or about Sept. 10th. From there we intend starting about October first for the South Pacific Ocean, there to cruise until next spring when we make the Port of St. Helena. I shall write you at length so as to mail from Fayal.

No letter of yours written after this reaches you, can reach me before we arrive at St. Helena.

Love to all, and this letter must answer for several as the first six months out on a whaler is a precious poor time and place for letter writing.

If the House of Rep's. ever get to a debate upon the Potter Resolutions, I should like to see a paper containing some of the summing up speeches, as I can not quite forget that I once resided in the U.S. and would like to know about how much chicanery was necessary to seat Brother Hayes.

My mast head now, I must go aloft for two hours, so good bye.

Horace.

The letters written from Fayal and St. Helena, describing the voyage of the Wanderer from September, 1878 to October, 1879, were passed from hand to hand and eventually lost, and we have no record of the ship during these thirteen months.

Saturday, October 25, 1879

"The WANDERER sails today." These were the words that might have been heard oft repeated upon the streets and in many houses of the quaint old town of St. Helena, and "We are off today sure," was the most frequent remark upon our trim Bark as we lay ready for sea in that rock-closed harbor, so well known to the sailor world. Yes, we are at length ready for sea and it is high time, for our stay here has been longer than was intended, owing to the accident we sustained two weeks ago today, when a clumsy Englishman came down on us, carrying away fore topmast, main topmast, flying jibboom, etc...etc. But now the last spar is in place, the last shroud and guy have been set up, the last seizing placed, we have all said good bye to our friends on shore and we are to be off today. So thought we this morning but we are still here. Early this morning, a large number of boats came off, bringing friends of the boys, who came to say good bye once more, for during our long stay, the WANDERER's crew have made many firm friends in this port among the people of the island, and they (the people) being the most hospitable set that I have ever seen, were loath to see the last whaler leave, and then many of the visitors were young ladies to whose houses most of us had standing invitations, with whom we have had many a pleasant chat, cup of tea, walk and dance. They are great on dancing and seeming to fore guess that we would be in no hurry in getting out, and that there might, perhaps, be time for just one more waltz, brought with them a large concertina which seems to be the correct instrument for dancing music here. As a natural consequence, it was not long before there was a first-class dance

in full progress upon the quarter-deck, in which ladies of all shades of color and position too, for that matter, officers, boat steerers and foremast hands joined in and from the vigor they displayed, and the noisy fun that was going on, it appeared that each realized that it was their last chance. This was kept up until dinner time and shortly after that each chap took a sad farewell of his darling if he happened to have one, and the visitors went over the side.

The wind having died out entirely, something very unusual for this place, we were compelled to remain at anchor that night, but the next morning, Sunday, October 26th, we were out in good season in answer to the call "All hands ahoy, man the windlass and heave short." We had all been looking forward to this job of heaving up and with a feeling akin to dread, for we had out our entire portcable 90 fathoms or 540 feet in length, and we knew that there was hard work before us, but we went in with a will and in so short a time that all hands were surprised, we heard the welcome cry of "Pawl the Windlass cable, hove short". After breakfast, the old man and his wife having come on board, we went at the windlass again and soon had the anchor at the bow.

We had this morning hove in 90 fathoms of chain, in far less time we hove in half that amount and this I am reluctantly forced to believe, was wholly due to "Shandyng", and shady is a ridiculous song, one line of which is sung by a single voice, the whole gang then joining in the chorus as loud as they can bellow, the louder the better. I have always maintained that it would be better to save your wind for the work and I still believe so, provided that your crowd consisted of the right sort of men, but I am satisfied that the promiscuous crowd that is found on ship board, will do at least half again as much work while "shandyng" as it will do when not. The songs are most ridiculous as far as the words are concerned but they do cause men to work with a

will far better than all the words of encouragement or all the threats that all of the officers in the ship could utter.

I have spoken of the girls who joined in the dance, as being all shades of color. This was true, and in St. Helena I have seen for the first time in my experience, a community living together where there exists absolutely no "color line", whites and blacks and all intermediate shades do business together, mingle in one society and inter marry without one thought of prejudice as to color. Of course, there are different sets in society but here money alone is the potent hand that forms them, color has nothing to do with the choice of companions or associates.

As we sailed slowly out of the harbor, there was not a single sail lying there to dip their colors as a good bye. This was an almost unheard of thing to see in St. Helena harbor without a solitary ship riding at anchor was truly wonderful, but it was so this morning. The only thing in the shape of a ship having men on board being the whaler Marcella of New Bedford, which was condemned here two weeks ago and some of her crew are still on board stripping her of rigging and sending down her spars. In one of my letters home, the one I think I mailed in Kabenda, I said something upon the subject of American consuls in general and about the one then at St. Helena in particular. I am glad to record the fact that the vagabond then holding this important office, has been removed to spheres of greater usefulness and a gentleman of character, mind and will, placed there in his stead, Col. Roseveltdt by name. Although he has only one leg, he stands more firmly when once taken a position than a regiment of such two-legged loafers as the one he succeeds, and the condemnation of the Marcella is a case in point, illustrating the fact that he proposes to be consul himself and not let captains run his office.

The Marcella, now nearly four years out, came in here from the Indian Ocean for provisions, intending to make one more cruise in this ocean before going home. It is a custom in this harbor, while vessels remain here, to let one watch after the work is done for the day, go ashore and remain there until 9 o'clock P.M. It is a custom only, but one so well founded that sailors have come to look upon it almost as a right. The Captain of the MARCELLA, however, coolly informed his men that not one of them would place his foot on shore unless he swam for it. What motive he could have had, no one knows, and I guess it was one of those acts which are common among the class of men that sometime become officers on a whale ship, that can only be ascribed to "natural Cussedness." In his crew, however, were a couple of chaps who belonged to the class known as "sea lawyers," fellows who have been at sea long enough to know about what they are entitled to and having a very unpleasant way of speaking right out in meeting. These two were not long in inditing a letter to the consul, stating what they considered to be their wrongs and asking him to come out and hear their story. This he did, and at once peremptorily ordered Capt. Tripp to send one watch ashore each night in compliance with the custom of the past, which was accordingly done. But now for the sequel. You must know to start with, that many whalers are sent to sea from New Bedford, just patched up sufficiently to bear the very loose inspection that is required. Many of them are fifty, sixty and even seventy years old and after being out for a short time, can ill afford to present themselves for inspection as to their sea worthiness, before a Commission in a foreign port. Capt. Tripp had tried to play a mean trick upon his men and had lost. The crew were well satisfied that their craft would not bear inspection in a foreign port. Although every man in her, would willingly have taken his chances in her for another cruise, had they been treated here as other crews were, still, when the attempt to "ride them" had been made, each man became seriously alarmed as to the

sea worthiness of the ship. The matter was talked over among them and their revenge agreed upon. A few days later, when she was ready for sea, having taken water and provisions, when the order came from the mate to "man the windless," no one responded. When the men were asked for an explanation of their action, they simply replied: "We refuse to get this ship under way until ordered to do so by the American consul". The mate reported the matter to the captain who was still on shore, and he at once came off. All at once it flashed through his mind what was up, that they were about to make an effort to have his ship condemned, and then it was his turn to beg, and beg he did like a good fellow, making all sorts of promises, but it was no use. The crew stood firmly together and would not budge an inch from their assumed position. Finding that mild means were of no avail, he at once ordered the crew put in irons and assistance called from other ships, to heave anchor and get under way, but here again he was met by his "sea lawyers" with the remark: "We are now in a foreign port where there is an American consul and no living man save him, has the right to place us in irons, and as long as one of us stands, no living man save him, shall put us in irons". Tripp knew his crew, and knew them to be men of their word. They are nearly all Americans and all strapping, big fellows, and he began to believe that he had stirred up a hornet's nest that was likely to prove mighty uncomfortable, but there was nothing left to do but call out the consul, which was accordingly done. When he arrived, the lawyers told their story and pointed out the many parts of the ship that were defective, and asked for a commission to determine whether she was sea-worthy or not. The consul thought their demand reasonable and sufficiently sustained by evidence to warrant an examination, and one was accordingly ordered. The crew was employed at fair wages to break out all the oil and send it ashore. This having been done, a Commission of Captains, mates and ship carpenters made an examination and pronounced the vessel unseaworthy, and she was ordered to be stripped of every-

thing and sold. This was accordingly done, Capt. Heyer made the remark that after the expenses of landing, storing and reloading the oil and paying freight home, it would not bring money enough when added to that which would be realized upon the sale of the hulk, to pay the expenses of the voyage. The owners have lost their ship and everything in her except oil, and lost money on the voyage, and all because their captain tried to play hog with his crew. At night we left the Island upon our port quarter, the ship standing off west and west-by-south with a fair wind.

Monday, October 27th, Tuesday, 28th, Wednesday, 29th and Thursday, 30th, 1879, stood on above courses, varying to west-southwest with very light wind, our occupation being that of unbending and repairing old sails and bending new ones. This work of "sailorizing", as it is termed, is what I like and there is something interesting about it, something to learn all the time and what is better yet, one can see something accomplished when he has finished his job. It is to me far preferable to standing on mast head or taking a trick at the wheel, for in those cases when you have done, you have only the satisfaction of saying that two more hours of time have been killed, two more hours of the three or four years gone. We are preparing for the heavy weather off the Tristand Grounds, a new main top sail and new foresail have been broken out and bent, and all others sent down, sewn over, patched and middle stitched and the storm sails, Fore-stay-sail and Main stay-sail gotten on new braces and sheets placed on all sails that will be the most used in heavy weather. In fact, everything that we do reminds us of the cold, wet and stormy weather we are so soon to encounter.

The course tonight, Friday, October 31, has been changed to west by north and the man from the wheel at seven o'clock, reports the Old Man as saying to the mate that there is a good sperm whaling ground out this way somewhere, that he proposes trying, and the hope, loudly and emphatically expressed by each one is

that we may take two or three hundred and thus turn the old man from right whaling. He seems to think that 500 would satisfy him this season and we all feel confident that if we can have a start of 200 bbls. during the first part of the season, we can then go over to our "Cow Yard" at the Meridian 12, 13 and 14, and get our other 300 bbls. just as easy as running before the wind. We have been there twice, and each time had a streak of luck, the first time taking 350 bbls. and the second time 500 bbls. hand-running. If Mr. Barker had his way in the matter and we all wish he had, we would go right to that spot and make this voyage.

While at St. Helena, two or three events happened which should perhaps be recorded. Phillip, the miserable Dago boat steerer of our boat, to the great delight of all hands, ran away, and as no particular pains were taken to find him, although plenty of us knew that he was stowed in an old hulk not five ships' lengths from us, he made his escape. Well, good luck to him, and I hope that he will never poke his ugly face over our rail again. Foodle and Stanton, carpenters, also tried their hands at running away but were captured aboard the British ship FEARNAUGHT, after she had gotten under way, and were brought on board in irons, in which pleasant shape they remained until we hove anchor, when they were released. Stanton now has all day on deck, but the others are now on a par with the rest of us.

Saturday, November 1st, 1879. Still standing on the westward under way very light winds. Have seen firebacks twice this week and a sulphur bottom once. These chaps seems to know that we will not lower for them and seem to take delight in playing around the ship as if daring us to come on and have a tussle. If whales could only talk, and these fellows should give their friends the Sperm and Right whales a little advice as how to act when we go on them, we could square away at once for home and whaling would be one of the lost arts. When a fireback re-

ceives an iron, as he does sometimes by mistake, he at once starts down and at such a pace that it takes but a very short time for him to take all your line, nor does he draw rein until he has put miles between himself and his tormentors. He does not stay around to be killed as a Sperm does, but makes off at once and drags your line with him until he chafes off. If Sperm whales had sense enough to do the same, Sperm oil would soon be unknown, but they, poor fools, are so frightened, that as a rule they do not know enough to either fight or run.

Sunday, November 2nd, 1879, latitude 19.02 south, longitude 13.40 west.

Sunday, November 16th, latitude 32.02 south, longitude west. During the past two weeks or at least up to last Friday, we have been moving along to the south with very light winds as a rule interspersed with dead calms of hours duration, the crew being kept busy all the time on deck, getting ready for the heavy weather and right whaling, and when below, we have been doing a most prodigious amount of sewing, such as patching, sheathing, turning, darning, and cap making, I never saw before. Nearly every article of clothing in the fore-castle has reached that degree of thinness that it must either be patched on to some other or have some other patched onto it. And in the selection of patches, the matter of color or texture receives not the slightest consideration. A piece of blue dungaree matches anything, while a piece of old sail is "just the shade" in any case, whether it be a black reefer, blue stocking or a red shirt that needs splicing.

On Friday last, the wind freshened into a strong breeze from the north, which sent us along toward our destination at a booming pace, increasing steadily until Saturday evening, when the blow had reached quite respectable proportions. At seven o'clock the Port watch took in the top-gallant sails, jib and flying jib,

1. The first part of the report

describes the general situation

of the country in 1950

and the progress made since then

The second part of the report deals with the

economic situation and the progress made

in the various fields of activity

The third part of the report deals with the

social situation and the progress made

in the various fields of activity

The fourth part of the report deals with the

political situation and the progress made

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The fifth part of the report deals with the

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spinmaker and staysails. At eleven, when we went on deck, it looked very much like a going gale and to make it the more pleasant, the rain fell in torrents during the entire watch. At eleven-thirty the old man came on deck, clothed more after the style of a Kabenda man than a "Broad-way swell" and ordered the main and fore-topsails clewed down and furled. This was done and the ship was then only under lower top-sails and staysails, but still running before it like a scared deer. If ever a young sailor tells another that he likes to take in upper topsails in half a gale of wind and a whole gale of rain, it is safe to say that he is exercising his sailor right of lying. It is not a pleasant job and I am free to confess that I don't hanker after it.

At three o'clock we turned in and I slept as soundly as a bug in a rug although chests, pots, pans, and in fact, everything not made fast, was moving around the forecastle in a very unceremonious manner. When we went on deck this morning, the wind being still stronger, we found the shop hove to under mainsail and stormsails and the rain falling in a perfect deluge. We had a busy time of it until ten o'clock, the stuff between decks in each hatch having broken adrift. At ten, the wind lightened and we braced forward under easy sail. At present, six-thirty P.M., there is scarcely any wind at all and no rain, but the barometer is way down, indicating heavy blow probably before night is out. I must get ready to go on deck at seven o'clock as we are the eight-hours fellows out tonight.

Sunday, November 30th, 1879. The increase of wind expected when I wrote the above did not reach us, but we heard afterwards that it did strike the ship NIGER and the Bark LOUISA, which vessels were about fifty miles from us. At the time it struck the NIGER, she was off and on at the Trinity Island. A crowd of natives had come off to the ship with a boat load of potatoes. A storm struck them so suddenly and violently that they were unable to get back to the shore and had the pleasure of a free ride and plenty of sea-sickness for three days. On Friday,

November 21st, we raised two sails on going to mast-head at daylight. One of them stood down toward us and on coming up, proved to be our old friend NIGER. Her boat came alongside about eight o'clock and we were soon hard at work gaming, that is, telling each other what we had actually seen since meeting last and in addition as many yarns as time would allow. From them we learned that neither they nor the LOUISA had seen any trace of right whales since arriving on these grounds, so we did not feel as if we had lost a great deal by our detention at St. Helena to repair damages. They were much surprised to see us down here so soon, as the story of our mishap, by the time it reached them, had assumed such proportion as to lead them to give up hopes of seeing us this season down here. When the NIGER stood down towards this morning, the other ship LOUISA not caring for a game, stood off on the wind. When our old men saw this, they determined to bring him to and have a laugh on him in the bargain. He was just in sight from deck when he stood off, say about seven miles in advance. We braced up sharp and soon we were standing along side by side, under full sail with a stiff breeze. Our two ships are so nearly matched that they make a very pretty race, neither one gained an advantage worth speaking of during the run. At about one o'clock we had sailed the LOUISA out of her boats and she gracefully rounded to and set her boat aboard our ship with her oldman, then a crew of us took their boat and went aboard her with our second mate, then the crew from her with her mate went on the NIGER and a crew from the NIGER came back to the LOUISA with the NIGER's second mate. Thus you see the three Captains were together on the WANDERER, the three mates on the NIGER and the three second mates on the LOUISA, and each ship had a boat's crew on each of the others. It fell to my lot to go on the LOUISA with the second mate and I must confess that I enjoyed myself much better than I had expected as there was not a soul on board that I knew. I say I enjoyed myself but I don't know as that is the word to use. I was rather relieved for a few hours to hear new voices, to see new faces and be deluged by new lies. We had

a considerably better supper than our own craft furnished. Came aboard about seven o'clock. During the next two days the three ships kept within sight of each other but on Monday morning, November 24th, the wind freshened from the Northeast until by three o'clock, it was blowing the stiffest gale that it had yet been our luck to fall in with. For the first time this voyage, the ship was hove to under fore-main and mizzen staysails. Never before had we been obliged to douse the main topsail but this time it was either clew up or lose her. All day Monday, Monday night and Tuesday, the gale continued with unabated fury, giving us a first class chance to judge of the weather qualities of our barque, and all hands agreed that she behaved better than any ship they had ever been in before. This last statement is something extraordinary, for a sailor, so far as I have been able to see, never praises the ship he is on for the time being. He can always tell you how much better some other one in which he has sailed, was, how much better some other crew was, and how much better a crew he used to lower with, how much more furious the whales were which they used to take, and how much more extraordinary events used to happen than now-a-days. To be sure, when you come to screw him right down, he may never have seen more than 1-100 barrel whale and perhaps not that, while we have taken six each larger than that. He may never have assisted in taking more than two hundred on a cruise, while we have taken nearly six hundred, but at the same time, according to his yarns, whaling doesn't begin to be what it used to be. He is just like these old people on shore who still believe that an old fashioned fire-place was far ahead of a coal stove and that persons suffering with a fever should be kept good and warm, even if you have to smother them with a feather bed.

Well, our gale finally worried its own life out and for the balance of the week we had fair weather for this part of the world, and we were slowly working to the eastward vainly seeking for flukes. The next was, as usual, ushered in with a heavy two days' gale, which have become so common that we take but little notice of them.

Saturday, December 6th, 1879. At day break we sighted the three islands Tristand. Inaccessible and Nightingale, all in 37 degrees odd South and 12 degrees odd West. The old man wanted some fresh fish and so the Mate and Second Mate, well supplied with fishing tackle, lowered away about three miles off Inaccessible Island and started for a day's fishing off shore. The wind, fresh when they started, increased by ten o'clock to what the old man called a half gale and he, being tired of working ship, laying off and on, set signal for the boats to come on board. Shortly after they had started on their return, the masthead sung out that the second mate's boat had disappeared but that he could see its men in the water. The Mate, being about a mile to leeward, knew nothing of the accident that had befallen Mr. Thomas and kept straight on for the ship. The waist boat was accordingly lowered and dispatched to the rescue. On their way in, they hailed the mate and turned him back. On reaching Mr. Thomas, they found that a heavy sea had unshipped his rudder and capsized the boat which now lay a little below the surface of the water, and upon the bottom of which all of the crew were sitting about waist deep in the water. The boys were glad enough to see help coming for they were already so chilled that not one of them could speak. With assistance, their boat was quickly righted and taking their oars, they quickly pulled the life back into themselves by the time they reached the ship. One more close shave and nobody hurt.

Next Sunday, December 7th, 1879. At noon we saw our first right whale of the season. He was raised close to the ship, showed himself for about half a minute and then disappeared to remain, we forward hope, until we leave the place. All the anxiety to take oil on the forward hands, has completely died out. For the last month we have been undergoing the unpleasant process of slow starvation, "dying to slow music" and it were, and as long as the miserable stinginess of the owners and captain is to be displayed as it now is, none of us care to take a drop of oil to put money in their pockets. In their pockets, I say, for we have

long since discovered that we may expect almost if not quite nothing at the end of the voyage. When we have to pay at least four prices for every article of clothing or other necessities that we obtain from the ship, the clothes being of the very poorest quality and wearing out about as rapidly as the famous shoddy did with which our soldiers were clad in the late unpleasantness. And when we consider what a good voyage of three years or three and one-half is worth to start with, for a foremast hand, less than \$200.00 at the very outside, it is hard to perceive where there is to be much gain for any of us. The fact is that whaling is at a very low ebb and the sooner that it becomes a thing of the past, the better for all hands. If oil and bone were in good demand and at fair prices, I suppose owners could afford to put something into their ships in the way of provisions, but as it is now, the food that is furnished foremast hands, would be refused by the meanest vagrant to be found crying for bread at the back door of the poor house and even such as it is, it is dealt out so sparingly that we are always hungry and, like Oliver Twist, always yearning for more. But, as the boys say, "this thing may last a lifetime, but it can't last forever."

Monday, December 8th, 1879. This morning raised a sail, proving to be the Captain JERAH PERRY whaler, three months out from home with 300 barrels half sperm and half right whale. Our boat boarded her and learned that the MORGAN is somewhere near us, doing well. It makes us laugh to hear of the others taking oil and we having none. The PERRY, however, took her last whale at the expense of three men's lives, a boat being capsized and three foremast hands being drowned. If it were only three owners who send, or Captains who take their wretched ships into this wretched country to take whales, we would not mourn one cent's worth, but they are not the chaps that do the work, break their legs, starve by inches and lose their lives. They simply see that Jack is shorn of all the miserable pennies he earns and pocket all gains.

Tuesday and Wednesday, December 9th and 10th, 1879. Had our regular storm, laying to under stay-sails. Thursday and Friday clear weather with heavy breeze, and Saturday, December 13th, regular blow again. I can swear that this everlasting taking in sail when it is blowing half a gale with rain falling in perfect torrents upon empty bellies, is getting to be mighty monotonous. We no more than get our clothes half dried out, than we are drenched again and this standing at mast head from half past 3 A.M. to half past 7 A.M. in this sort of weather, is not what it is cracked up to be.

Sunday, December 14th, 1879. Fine, bright day in which to dry out our duds and badly we need it. For our midnight watch last night was a "roarer". at 12:30 we took in the lower top-sail and had the biggest fight over it yet. In the first place, it took the whole watch to haul up each clew. Something that I have never known before; and fully fifteen minutes passed from the time we started until we had it furled. Talk about rain and blowing. If we did not have our fill-up on that yard, I hope never to get mine. Have been fortunate enough to get hold of three papers, one New York, one Boston and one New Bedford of last September which our old man gammed from the PERRY last Monday, and so have been filling myself with news three months old. Could find little startling in either of them but they caused for the time being, a feeling that I had once been a civilized being and perhaps yet, had some slight hold upon the world, and hence were very welcome.

Monday, December 15th, 1879. A bright, pleasant day with heavy breeze all the morning but quite light in the afternoon; so light and warm, in fact, that every one was talking sperm whales. I had the two o'clock masthead and I had not been there long before two of the prettiest little birds, a kind of sea gull with black heads, red bills, legs and feet, silver backs and white breasts, came and stood with me on the top gallant yard. This was omen, of course, and, of course, a good one because they were white birds and not black birds. All sailors

believe in omens and had these been black ones, I should have expected to fall from the mast head or done some other equally ridiculous thing. But being white, I, of course, was certain of some good luck. They had been there off and on for about an hour when, sure enough, I raised a school of sperm whales, the first that we have seen since last September. They gave us a good pull to windward but that was all, for we had to give them up. But, although we got no oil, we still think the birds brought good luck for it seems from the course that we are steering tonight, as though the old man intended giving up the right whale business and going over to the Pigeon Ground for sperm. We are all heartily sick of this cold, stormy weather and shall be only too glad to get once more where oilskins and Southwesters are not necessary articles of clothing two-thirds of the time.

Tuesday, December 16th, 1879. Today we have been standing on N.N.E., evidently for the Pigeon Ground. The wind has been on our beam and blowing half a gale so that we have been making good time under lower topsails and courses. For a wonder, the blow has not been accompanied by rain. We can stand a dry breeze well enough but wind and rain are apt to dampen our ardor very materially. Just before supper, we raised a sail a little off our weather bow which proved to be an English bark merchantman of about 800 tons, bound round East Cape of Cape of Good Hope. She did not pass quite closely enough for us to make out her name. I don't suppose there was a foremast hand that did not wish that he could be on her as she flew by us under full sail, every stitch drawing fairly, with two men at the wheel. I do not know what is a grander sight than a large ship under full sail with a stiff breeze, that is, when seen at a side view. Then there is a rush and air of business about a merchantman that anyone, liking sailing, cannot help longing for, and is just what is lacking in a whaler. Here we are under lowered

topsails and courses while she, with the same breeze, had everything set. A squall for which we would take in everything but lower topsails and storm-sails, would scarcely cause her to lower her top gallants. She went by us as though she wanted to see a man round the other side of Africa and intended to do so without any unnecessary delay.

While our watch was below at supper, the ship was surrounded by an immense school of black fish, a sort of small whale, coming so close that the officers were darting lances at them from the boats on the cranes. They did not do any material damage, however, until McKenzie put a bullet into his bomb-gun and with it, shot one thru the heart, killing it instantly. Much to our surprise, the old man ordered a starboard boat down to get the critter. It had been blowing half a gale all day and there was a tremendous sea running, but the thought of leaving a half barrel of oil behind, was not to be tolerated. The ship was accordingly hauled aback and a boat lowered. It was my luck to be one to go down in her. After a short pull of about a quarter mile, we found the fish and made fast to him and towed to the ship. I never was in any boat before in such a sea, and, in fact, one was never down from this ship, and I must say with the man who ate the mule-steak, that I don't hanker after any more of it. The ship was rolling heavily when we came along side and it is a wonder that the boat was put back on its cranes again without an accident. While lying at the gangway, we could look over the rail one instant and the next, would be 10 feet below the copper-line, and such a banging about would make a landsman think of his latter end. While we were down, the waist-boat cleared away to aid us but, after getting down, concluded to try for another black fish but they had no luck and got none. The little Pedi, 3rd mate, however, succeeded in getting overboard in good shape. He was hauled in again with no further damage with a ducking. Our watch, having eight hours out, of course, had the job of taking the jacket off the fish and getting his carcass overboard. I don't think the oil realized, will amount to much but as it

is about as good as sperm and we are nearly cleaned out, it will do for side-lights and fore-castle use.

Wednesday, December 17th, 1879. Good weather, still blowing fresh. Old man says we are now on Pigeon Ground.

Thursday, December 18th, 1879. Miserable rain and stiff breeze all the morning. Cleared off in the afternoon. Principal excitement today has been over the dose Antion Thomas got last night in his swankey. Some of those animals, called Portuguese, have been in the habit of stealing molasses out of other fellows' pots at night, and last night two or three Americans fixed up a rather unsavory mess in one of their molasses pots, leaving it where it was gettable. By the time the port watch turned in, there was one mighty sick man of their number and he, being the second mate's brother, that functionary has been threatening dire revenge upon the man who put that stuff in Antoine's pot. Vaughn and Mingo both tell him that they put it in Vaughn's pot and mildly suggest that his brother is a miserable thief, caught in the act. Old Thomas will probably blow off his superfluous steam in the course of a day or two, and in the future, the jumbomb crowd will probably eat of their own whacks.

Friday, December 19th, 1879. Regulation half gale.

Saturday, December 20th, 1879. Fair weather but still no fish.

Sunday, December 21st, 1879. Rained like sixty all day with stiff breeze late in the afternoon. Raised a sail on lee-beam, ran down to her and had a game. She turned out to be the ANDREW HICKS barque, New Bedford, Capt. Hicks, Jr., five months out from home with 300 barrels of sperm. From her we learned that our old friend the PETREL is somewhere near us, having taken over 700 barrels sperm within a few miles of where we took our 500 last summer. Well, we are glad to hear of her good luck for she is one of the few whalers upon which men are well treated and her captain, Norton, is a good hearted, decent little fellow, and we hope to see her soon.

Monday, December 22nd, 1879, is recorded here principally to commemorate the fact that during our night watch, Toodles Collins, Stanton, Marcella and myself had a feast. Our grub lately has been terrible slim and this night I became so hungry that in a fit of desperation, I broke out a can of salmon, the last of the stuff brought from St. Helena, or rather the last of the box received from home. I intended this for Christmas but could not resist the temptation, so we each made a sandwich of hard bread and salmon and tried hard to imagine that we were where folks sometimes have something to eat.

Tuesday, December 23rd. Strong wind and cold. This country does not look much this season, as it did last. Then we had no rain and cold weather and never more than a top-gallant breeze. This year the time is about evenly divided between a half gale with rain and cold topsail breezes.

Wednesday, December 24th, Christmas Eve, 1879. This is one of the times when a fellow can't help thinking about home, and wondering what they are all doing there. I can imagine the bustle and commotion about the house, the mysterious packages quietly received at the front door and hastily spirited away to the sacred precincts of a bureau drawer, only to come forth again at the call of Santa Claus, or perhaps to be shown under the promise of strictest secrecy to a most confidential friend. Well, I can only hope that the many bright and happy anticipations that tonight fill the mind of those at home, may be realized with the morning's light. We, too, even away out here, more than a thousand miles from land, save alone the small islands of the Tristand group, look forward to tomorrow with some expectations. Not exactly of full stockings but at least of something to eat. This matter of eating has become a very serious consideration with us. I hear the fellows some times singing a song, the wind-up of each verse of which is: "give sailors their grog and nothing goes wrong". This was popular

in olden times when grog was a regular ration upon all ships. But now it is issued upon none, something good to eat takes the place of grog in a sailor's mind and as a ha'penny's worth of grog would in those days keep a crew good-natured and get all the work out of them that they could do, so now the most limited attempt upon the part of the owners and captain at fair feeding or at feeding "full and plenty," as our shipping articles read, will satisfy a crew, but when a crew are fed as this one is, there is grumbling and growling without end and hard swearing enough to ruin the future prospects of a million. Had I not seen with my own eyes and tasted with my own mouth and starved for the lack of more and better, no living minister of the Gospel could make me believe that any ship sailing the ocean, would feed her crew so miserably and scantily as this fine, new clipper, WANDERER does, but I have done my share and more than my share of growling for Christmas Eve. and so will stop.

December 25th, 1879. Passed off much the same as though it were not Christmas; we turned out and turned in again, stood mast heads and took wheels just as though the bells were not ringing out glad tidings all over the Christian world. We were not told to take a holiday, write home and try for a few hours to recollect that there was another living world outside of this little ship of ours, not much! On the contrary, all hands were set to work braiding sinnet and kept at it all day as if the after-gang wanted to firmly impress upon our minds that they did not recognize Christmas or any other law or custom of civilization. To be sure, at dinner we had a slice of ham in place of salt-junk, but it was more than balanced by the work-up job of braiding sinnet. At evening, we opened and partook of the good things in Aunt Lizzie's box, and all hands want me to express their thanks to that lady should I ever see her again, which I shall most certainly do.

January 11th, 1880, Lat. 31:50-Long. 1.15 E. For the last three or four days, we have been standing along to the eastward as though we were about done with the Pigeon Ground and we all think it about time. Last year we did not see a single spout here and this year we have been equally as fortunate. Tonight we have all sail on and are consequently bound for some new diggings, evidently the Coast of Africa, as we are steering east by north, which, with the variation of compass, makes the course about northeast by east. Everyone is glad to leave here and head for a warmer climate. We start with a spanking breeze, carrying all sail, and all look for a speedy passage.

January 13th, Lat. 28.48 - Long. 5.4. On the same course and going at a very satisfactory pace. We are now crossing the southeast trade winds which at this season, are rather strong. In the last 48 hours, we have made 296 miles. I don't know that I have anywhere stated that one of my occupations of late, has been working ship's time. Mr. McKenzie and I have lately been studying navigation together and are now able to locate the ship at the end of every sea day. This we do each day, and as a consequence, I have become an authority in the forecandle, of no means pretensions, and I suppose there are more of many dignified J.P.'s at home.

January 14th, 1880. Have made 180 miles in the last 24 hours and are booming under everything but T.G. and G. T. sails.

January 15th. Lat 23.08 - Long. 7.55

January 16th. Lat.21.00 - Long 8.06

January 17th. Lat. 18.26 - Long 8.22

Wednesday, January 21st, 1880. For some days past, we have been cruising on the coast of Africa, sperm whaling grounds, where the old man seems positive we are to take some oil; if we don't, I'm sure I can't see, for the life of me, what he is to find to keep us busy at, much longer. It seems to one that we have done

about all the work that can either be found or made to do. On Saturday last, we swung and put craft into the starboard bow boat, that she may be ready to lower in case of mishap to one of the others or if whales are so thick that four boats are not enough. Yesterday, just after our watch went on deck at noon, the old man sent forward what looked at a distance to be a good watch, with the message that anyone raising 50 barrels of oil this week, could have it. It was, by all odds, the meanest, cheapest and utterly worthless imitation of a watch that I ever saw, so cheaply was it gotten up that the makers did not deem it worth while to put a crystal in it, and Mr. Reilly says it cost \$3.00. Since offering it as a prize, the old man has been amusing himself in trying to take all the works out and replacing them. He has succeeded in the first part of his program, that is, he has taken it to pieces, but as yet, has not been successful in getting it together again. I suppose he wanted to see what made the "wheels go round". For pure, unadulterated greenness, commend me to a man who has passed most of his life on a whaler. Why, only a few days since, he and the mate got into a discussion as to how the president of the United State was elected. The old man thought that it was by popular majority while the mate was positive that the states voted "some way", he was not quite sure how but thought that each one had one vote. Of one thing he was certain, however, that was that a president could hold the office but one term of four years. Of this last he was so certain that he was even able to quote "the very words of the law", affecting the matter, and that was a clincher for the old man. He, the old man, always thought that a man could be re-elected and quite sure that some had held the office, but when Barker quoted "the very words of the law", he had to give it up, he could argue no further. He, however, was not quite satisfied, so after Barker had left the quarter deck, he came back

to the wheel to me, for information. I told him how the thing was done, as best I could, and backed by such information and authority, he returned to his discussion once more, but when he came to explain the matter to Barker, he became "Jacksoned" and had to give it up again. Finally he called me to the quarter-deck, to tell them both just how 'twas done, and so the grave matter was settled.

Friday, January 23rd, 1880. The embargo upon taking whales, seems to be raised at last, and tonight we have a whale fluked alongside. A half past one, our watch below, "all hands ahoy, whales on the quarter" was bellowed down the scuttle and we tumbled out quickly, got lines into the boats, hoisted and swung and waited for the word to lower. A large school of sperm whales were on our lee quarter about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles off. They were soon seen to be working to windward, so we lowered four boats at once. Three of them were to run down to where the school was and try to get fast there, while the fourth (our boat) was to hand around up to windward and take whatever chance presented itself. Mr. Thomas, with his usual greed, went crashing into them in such a manner as to gally the whole lot and failed to get fast to any. They then came to windward like a flock of frightened sheep and we were signalled to go in and take our chance. We did do so, but the whale our boat steered and darted at, was a little too far off, and although we got fast, the iron had so slight a hold that it soon drew. The whales then put to windward at a livelier rate and we had nothing to do but pull after them or give them up. We took the former course and had the hardest chase we have yet been called on, to pull. For a good three hours we were at it without a moment's spell, at the end of which time we had the whales on our beam. Sails were set and we made for them again. This time Mr. Thomas was fortunate enough to get fast, which was more than anyone else could do. His whale sounded, taking all his line but one flake. When he came to the surface again, he lanced him once, hurting him badly. We made a desperate effort to get a loose whale which was running around the fast one, but failed, and all on account of one of

those little accidents that are apt to happen most any time, but seem more frequent just when they are the most unwelcome. We are going on to him quartering, and were within four or five good strokes of darting distance, when our midship oarsman unshipped his oarlock and crabbed his oar at the same time. This gave his whaleship just the time he needed to escape being struck, so we had the pleasure of seeing him round up and disappear for good. The whales all being gone, our boat set sail and started for the ship which was some miles off to leeward. The sail back was some recompense for the pull out, but it was over in a short time. Soon after we started, the whale which was still alive but quite low, started in the same direction and finally died near the ship, saving the three crews a tow to leeward or the ship a beat to windward. He was fluked by 7.30 P.M. and we turned down to supper. With our usual luck after a hard, six hours' work, our supper consisted of beef, which means nothing, for one can eat the stuff and the man who put it into the ship, "ought to be kicked to death by a Jack Lorre," and I should like to be the fellow to do it. At daylight next morning, Saturday, January 24th, we commenced cutting in and were through before dinner. All hands on deck in the afternoon and cuted case was bailed and overboard and junk cut up. I thought myself lucky in being called away from the case to help break out water, but it was none of the easiest of jobs, and I often think how such a job would have set upon me when I came out. My part of the work was to stand across the corner of the lower hatch, take the water from a boatsteerer by the bucketful as he passed it from the lower hold, and pass it up over my head to a fellow on deck. Every bucketful had to be lifted as high as my arms would reach directly over my head. In this way I passed twelve barrels of water in less than two hours. At seven o'clock the Port watch turned down for first six hours below, and we went to work cutting blubber until one o'clock next morning, at which time we turned down, having been hard at work for just twenty hours,

that is, the most of us, but the men belonging to the waist boat, having had the last morning watch out, had been on deck just twenty-three hours, rather long work hours.

Sunday, January 25th, 1880. I had wheel all the morning. Blubber all cut up by noon. Our watch below from 12 M to 4:00 P.M. Between four and six, our watch did all the odd jobs such as taking down cutting gear, breaking out casks, heading up and over, got supper and relieved Port watch at works at 6.30 P.M.; on deck until 1.00 P.M.; turn down. Monday by noon, blubber all tried out and fat lean started; afternoon below. My masthand at turn out 4 o'clock; regular sea watches now commence again; our 8 hours out tonight; cleaned up works. Thursday morning; whale turns up 58 barrels. This fare, as they call it, has been the easiest we ever had and all hands now anxious for more. Friday, February 8th, 1880. Raised school of sperm whales just after two o'clock. All boats went down and sailed leeward until nearly dark, at which time 3rd mate fastened to a small fellow. Second mate and our boat went on about three miles further but to no purpose. The ship was just in sight to windward as night closed down on us. Reilly's whale ran with him to windward and died almost under the ship's bows, so she hauled aback to take him alongside and did not dare brace forward again for fear of passing the boats in the dark, so we had nothing to do but to pull for it. After pulling an hour or more in the teeth of a brisk breeze and heavy sea, we raised the ship's bug light (a large bonfire of blubber scraps and oil on top of the dry works) and then felt a little more comfortable. At eight o'clock we reached her side, having been pulling without a spell of a single stroke since dark (about six o'clock). Cut him in before breakfast next morning and stowed down 144 barrels three days later.

March 2nd, 1880. Since the above was written I have neglected my record for no other good reason than laziness, that I can think of. We have taken no more oil

nor, in fact, seen any more whales. We are now up on the meridian $1\frac{1}{4}$ degrees ground where last year at this time we took 350 barrels without cooling down the works. In fact, it was a year ago today that we took the first of those three old chaps. We have been up here about one week but have not seen even so much as a porpoise or albicois. Before leaving the coast ground, we saw the GAYHEAD, having nothing since leaving St. Helena. The DRACE, as well off, the MORNING STAR ditto, LOUISA ditto, from which reports we are forced to believe that this season's catch will not net much cash for either owners or sailors. A few weeks since, the fourth mate, McKenzie, was placed at the head of our watch and Thomas, who had it before, takes all night in. To say that the men are pleased with the change would be putting it mildly. The 2nd mate, Thomas, was about as poor an officer to be on deck with at night as one could well find. He was a great bull of a Portuguese, and Jumbomb Portugee at that, the meanest dogs of them all. He was as ignorant as a Hottentot and hard and ugly, or familiar and impudent by turns. We never knew how to take him or what to do to satisfy him. We much preferred to have him ugly for then we were at least spared his conversation. McKenzie is a young man from Nova Scotia, has been a sailor ever since he could crawl over the rail, has seen all sorts of service, coasting, trading, merchant, U.S. navy, and whaling, has been in almost every port that you can name and has sailed every ocean and almost every sea upon this little globe. He is the smartest man and the best sailor in the ship and what is better than all, he is an American who, strange as it may appear, seems to think that all other things being equal, a white man is just a shade in advance of a nigger. I say strange to relate, for it is strange to find an officer in a whale ship who does not think a nigger Portugee a little bit above any other class of being inhabiting the foot-stool. With McKenzie, a watch on deck at night passes pleasantly enough as he likes his men and they like

him. He is always ready to spin us a yarn about what he has seen and as ready to listen to ours. He reads a great deal and is always wanting information and explanations of what he has read. He is always the same and as consequence, we know just what is expected of us and never have any jars. Thomas would be all smiles one moment and worse than a tyrant the next, would today to one foremast hand and knock down another, would lie to you about the old man and to the old man about you; is as meek as Moses before the Mate and doing his best to pull him down or rather run him out of the ship, behind his back. How he will come out, is a question, but if I had my way, I'd pitch him overboard with a grind stone for a life preserver and a tiger shark for a fellowtraveler and bid him swim out or not, as best suited his inclinations.

March 6th, 1880. Raised a sail this morning on weather bow other tack came together at noon, turned out to be the CLARICE. Her old man came aboard for a game and from them we only learned that no one that she has gammed, has done anything this season. She, herself, has taken only one blackfish since leaving St. Helena last September. I guess the PETRAL, NIGER, GAYHEAD and WANDERER must have cleaned out the whales in these diggings last year. Yesterday we had another exhibition of brutality by that jumbomb Thomas, who just now seems to be the biggest man in the ship. He knocked Joe Res Dies down and jumped on him two or three times, ostensibly because Joe was one of the last to get his scrub broom, but in reality because he thought it a good chance to vent a little of his spite. Joe is the most decent Greek on board and by long odds the best shipmate amongst the crowd, but has a mighty bad habit of being honest when he speaks and as a general thing, doesn't care who hears. Thomas has abused him often and Joe made some growling remark about him which was overheard and reported by Thomas' boat-steerer (another dog) so Joe paid the penalty for his freedom of speech. The Old man saw the fracas

and said simply; "That's right, that's right, that old man is an ugly tempered fellow and needs a good pounding," which is his usual remarks upon such occasion. Today is one of Nature's loveliest, a little too calm and warm for actual comfort at mast head, and most of the fellows are writing letters home. I sincerely trust that I may carry my own letter home this spring for if there were ever a crowd sick of whaling, they are now in this ship and I believe none of them long for release more than I do. The feeding is positively disgraceful and criminal and gets worse every day. The talk now seems to be that we will be in St. Helena in about three weeks and I hope it may be so, for we can then at least trade a shirt and get a decent meal. When last there, I wrote father that I wanted means taken to obtain my discharge this spring, but it may be that the letter never reached him as I entrusted it to a fellow going home, instead of the mail. If I find this to be the fact, I shall try to coax a discharge out of the old man and that failing, to scare him a little. If that doesn't work, I shall run away if I get half a chance. I have no intention of taking another season of Tristand, one of hump backing and two or three of sperm whaling on this ship, if it be in the possibilities to escape them.

March 11th, 1880. Sunday, and a beautiful day, just warm enough to enjoy oneself on deck. We are still cruising on the meridian ground but the week has passed without a whale. A few days ago we met the SARAH B. WALE, our old lucky star but for all we remained in sight of each other two days, we could raise no whales. She is worse off as to oil this season, than we are, having taken nothing. She gave us some news, however, from the oil market, which was mighty encouraging. When she touched at St. Helena lately, news from Bedford quoted oil at 60¢ and tending downward, with no hope that it would ever rise again. All the oil sent in by us last fall said to be still on the wharf unsold, waiting better prices--and fifty-two whalers laid up in port. From the above, one would think that the sooner this craft is ordered home and turned into a merchantman, the better for owners and crew

Just think of it, we have been out nearly two years, taken 1150 barrels of oil, and a foremast hand has not earned a hundred dollars, and every cent that we owned, has been swallowed up. I don't think there is a person in the ship, from the 2nd mate down, that has a cent coming to him. This is making money with a vengeance. The old HALE is just holding together and that is all. It takes about 1000 strokes night and morning, to free her of water in calm weather, while in a gale, she experienced on the Tristand, it took eleven thousand and odd strokes with double break on and both pumps going, to "suck her,"--nice box to go to sea in. During the past week, we have gammed the "CARICE" and ATTLEBOROUGH, from whom we learn that they have taken nothing. They report the PRESIDENT as being on this ground. No oil this season and leaking eighteen hundred strokes every twelve hours--one more candidate for condemnation at St. Helena. It is now expected that certainly three and possibly four whalers will leave their hulks for fire wood at St. Helena this spring. The DRACO, HALE, and PRESIDENT surely, and GOSNOLD, perhaps. There being no dry docks at St. Helena, the only repairs that can be made, are those needed above water mark when heeled over, and those cost fabulous prices, so that many ships that could be repaired for a thousand dollars at home, are condemned out here. Last fall, while we were there, a splendid American built but English owned ship of 1300 tons, was there, having lost her rudder just off the island. She was bound home to Liverpool with a cargo of rice in bags. It required three months' time to discharge her cargo, have the rudder made and placed in position, and the cargo restowed, and this was done at an expense of two thousand pounds. The rudder alone, cost twenty-five hundred dollars, so the custom officer of the port, told me. And I saw the offer to pledge the ship and cargo for two thousand pounds, stating that it required that much for actual expenses in port, signed by the captain. We also hear that the MARS whaler, belonging to the same owners as this ship, has gone to St. Helena, and will sail

from there home, having a full ship. We don't believe it, however.

March 14, 1880, is the last entry in the diary. Apparently the rumor that the ship was about to return to St. Helena was correct, as the next record we find, is the discharge papers which are dated March 27, 1880, at St. Helena. It is not known whether the writer was able to "coax a discharge out of the old man", or "scare it out of him", but he apparently did not have to run away as his discharge states that his character was excellent. It is believed that through his acquaintance with the owners, the discharge was obtained and that he returned home on the whaler MARS.

February.

WEDNESDAY 13.

1878.

to "suek her" nice box to go to sea in. During the past week we have gammed the "Clarence" and "Alteborough" from whom we learn that they have taken nothing. They report the President as being on this ground, no oil this season, and leaking eighteen hundred strokes every twelve hours. One more candidate for condemnation at St. Helena. It is now expected that certainly three and possibly four whalers will leave their hulks for fire wood at St. Helena this spring. The Drace, Hale & President sure, and Gosnold, perhaps, there being no dry docks at St. Helena the only repairs that can be made are those needed above water mark when heeled over, and these cost fabulous prices. So that many ships that could be repaired for 1000 dollars at home are condemned out here. Last Fall while we were there, A splendid American built but Eng. owned ship of 1300 tons, was there having lost her rudder just off the Island. She was towed home to Liverpool with a cargo of rice in bags. It required three months time to discharge her cargo, have the rudder made and placed in position and the cargo restored, and this was done at an expense of two thousand pounds - the ~~ru~~ rudder alone cost twenty five hundred dollars so the Customs Officer of the port told me. And I saw the offer to pledge the ship &c for 2000 pounds, stating that it required that much for actual expenses in port signed by the captain. We also hear that the "Mure" whaler belonging to same owners as this ship has gone home to St. Helena, and will sail from thence home having a full ship, we don't believe it however.

SHIP "Wanderer"

ST. HELENA, March 2nd 1880.

AND OWNERS.

On the termination of the Voyage of the
Hornace L. Palmer

pay to
or order, what may be due to him for his voyage in said

"Wanderer" he being this day discharged at this Port by mutual consent - the said
Hornace L. Palmer is entitled to the *one two hundred* 200

the said

lay, the Ship having been out, and he having served in her, at the time of his discharge,
Twenty two months and

days, and the

of Oil and Bone, including that *as well as at Port on board*

915 Barrels Sperm Oil, *More or less*

85-86 Do. Whale Oil, *do*

: No pounds Bone.

Witnesses: R. Williams.

A. R. Hays
Master.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AT ST. HELENA, *March 27* 1880

I, the Under-signed, Consul of the United States of America for St. Helena, do hereby certify that on the day of the date hereof, before me personally appeared *Andrew R. Heeyer* Master of the *"Dart" Wm. 1880* of *Wm Bedford, Maf* who in my presence, and in the presence of his Witnesses thereunto, signed the foregoing order, and acknowledged the same to be correct in all of its particulars, and to be his voluntary act, and deed for the purposes therein mentioned,

Given under my hand and seal of this Consulate,

this *28th* day of *March* 1880

Geo. W. Roosevelt

United States Consul

[FORM No. 18.]

Consulate of the United States of America

At St. Helena

March 26th 1880

I hereby certify that

Horace L. Palmer
and his wife, according to law, from the
County of Andover of New Bedford Mass.

Character Excellent

G. W. Roosevelt

U. S. Consul.

A. R. Meyer

Horace L. Palmer, Esq.

Bank Manager of New Bedford

Care of Mrs. Taber Head & Gardener.

No. 117 Union. Corner 3rd St.

New Bedford. Mass.

